And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglaas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant Warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land togeather,
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe? yet, needfull 't'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friendes, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtalffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a Tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſoundes. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,

As